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One Halfpenny.

GREAT STRIKE OF COAL PORTERS: A CHILLY OUTLOOK FOR THE LONDONER.



Clerks cheerfully get dirty and load sacks of coal.

AUSTRALIAN'S FATE • THE GREEN BEETLE.



Thomas Kent Reeks, a native of Sydney, Australia, and an officer in the mercantile marine, whose body has been found in a hollow at Bilston, near Wolverhampton. A green Brazilian beetle which he wore as a scarfpin was found near him.



Typical London coalporter, so necessary to our comfort in winter.

Londoners have been cold enough this year, as it is, but they are likely to shiver even more with no fires in their grates. Ten thousand coal porters have selected this seasonable weather to strike, and practically no coal is being delivered.

PENNY-A-TON COAL STRIKE.

10,000 Loaders and Carmen
Suddenly Stop Work.

FUEL FAMINE FEARS.

Clerks Employed to Load Trolleys
and Deliver the Coal.

London is in danger of a coal famine, owing to a universal strike of coal porters for "a penny a ton" advance in pay.

There is not a coal-trolley cart in the streets of London. No coal is being delivered to consumers. All the 10,000 coal loaders and coal carmen of London—the former fill the sacks at wharves and depots, and the latter deliver them—are out on strike. Their collective name is coal porters, and the strike has been called by the National Amalgamated Union of Coal Porters.

The main demands are:—

Loaders at present earn 9d. a ton and want 10d.

Carmen earn 8d. a ton and want 9d.

The immediate sufferers will be small consumers in flats and in houses with small cellars, who buy from trolley-men. They may have to fetch their own coal from sidings.

So serious became the shortage of coal in the course of the day that coal merchants were compelled to ask their clerks to load the trolleys and wagons at the depots, of which there are upwards of 150 scattered over the metropolis.

Clerks and other voluntary staff help had also to deliver coals in the metropolitan area.

The coal merchants declare that the men's demands are extortionate, and their concession would seriously affect the demand for coal as well as increase the price.

Mr. Locket, chairman of the Coal Merchants' Association, suggested at a meeting of the members of the Coal Exchange that an arbitrator should be appointed.

The strikers will hold a mass meeting at Holborn Hall at 10.30 this morning.

THE DISPUTE EXPLAINED.

These facts make the meaning of the strike clear:—

1. Both loaders and carmen are paid by the ton. Their earnings depend entirely upon the rate paid them per ton and the quantity they load or deliver.
2. Coal carmen are also coal porters. The man who drives a load to your house himself carries it up or down to your coal cellar. If he brings it in low sacks, instead of 2cwt. sacks, as is usually done for flats, and wherever there are stairs to climb, he is allowed 1s. a ton more, and is expected to take a man with him.
3. Loaders get no tips. Carmen's tips vary very much. A man may earn 1s. a week in tips, or 10s. if extremely lucky.
4. The trolley-men, or carmen, who take round vans to sell retail to small purchasers, are paid 2s. 2d. per ton when the price is 1s. 2d. per cwt.—it is never lower, and their pay advances on a sliding scale as the price of the coal goes up. Yesterday the price was 1s. 8d. a cwt. and the men earned 2s. 10d. per ton sold. These men want 1d. a ton extra all round, with a minimum of 2s. 3d.

In addition, loaders want higher pay for piling coal into stacks at the depots, and carmen want 9d. instead of 4d. per ton—that is to say, the full rate—for coal brought back to the depot because delivery is for any reason not taken.

"TIPS" AND WAGES.

Mr. J. Hopkins, secretary of the Coal Porters' Union, said to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday evening:—

"The employers say that the average wage of loaders is about 42s a week, and that of carmen 35s. to 45s., and tips besides.

"A carman does not, on the average, take out more than six tons a day, six days a week. His earnings, therefore, work out:—

30 tons at 8d.	24s.
Driving money, for tending his horse, 1s. a day for six days	6s.
Total	30s.

"He may get 6d. horse money for Sunday, but it is generally left for the horsekeeper at the stables. As regards his tips, most men do not make 3s. a week in tips. Some householders will give a man 6d. for tidying up after delivering two tons, but most give 2d. Business firms often give nothing.

"Loaders during last summer earned less than 12s. weekly for weeks and weeks together. A man I know after waiting all day at a depot only earned 1s. 6d.

"At present the public services are not likely to be interfered with, as the electric power stations and gas companies are mostly supplied direct from the collieries. But public institutions having small stocks are already alarmed. We do not know yet what we shall do about hospitals—but they always have special consideration at such times.

"Hundreds of coal porters in London do not earn £1 a week during nine months of the year. That is what we want to stop. If we have a fall of snow the coal merchants will take advantage of it to put up prices at once, and the trolley-men would be asking the poor 2s. a hundredweight or more.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Moderate easterly breeze; fair generally; cloudy or hazy; cold; frosty inland.

Lighting-up time: 5.28 p.m. High-water at London Bridge, 10.8 a.m.

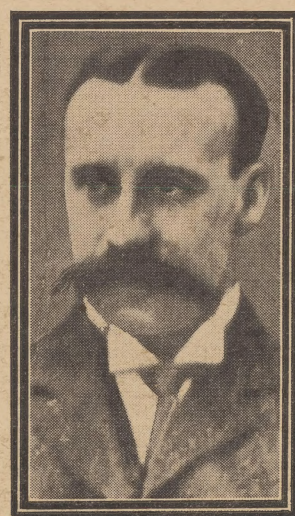
LONDON OBSERVATIONS. Holborn Circus, City, 6 p.m.: Barometer, 30.125, steady; temperature, 34 degrees; wind, N.E., gusty breeze; weather, cloudy, slight frost.

Sea passages will be moderate.

DOCTOR SUES NEWSPAPER FOR LIBEL.



Mrs. Wright.



Mr. Keats.

Amusing evidence was given yesterday when Mr. Charles Keats, medical superintendent of the Camberwell Infirmary, sued the *London Budget* for alleged libel. Mrs. Bracey Wright (otherwise known as the Countess de Lornet) raised the question of the alleged flogging of boys at the infirmary at a meeting of the guardians, counsel explained, and a report appeared in the defendant newspaper, of which the doctor complains.

MARRIED UNDER NEW EUGENIC LAW.



Miss Grace Margaret Knoll and Mr. Irwin Maxwell Greig, the first couple to be married under the new eugenic law of Wisconsin (U.S.A.), which requires every man to produce a doctor's certificate of good health.

INVALID CARRIAGES ON RAILWAYS.



This saloon, which is 50ft. long, has been designed by the London and North-Western Railway Company in order that invalids may enjoy every comfort

GIRL'S DISCOVERY ON THE TELEPHONE.

Learnt Lover Was Out, but His
Wife at Home.

£500 FOR BROKEN PROMISE

A remarkable story of the deception of a pretty young saleswoman in Paris, who only learnt her Turkish lover was married when she rang him up on the telephone and was told yesterday in an undefended breach of promise action in the London Sheriff's Court.

The plaintiff, Miss Madeline Wolff, of Harlesden-road, N.W., formerly employed at a salary of £10 a month by a Paris drapery firm, was awarded £500 damages against Nino Hassan, a Turk.

In opening the case for the plaintiff, Mr. H. C. Sutteridge said it was a somewhat sad one.

This young girl had been cruelly deceived by the defendant, who was a married man and had kept that fact from her. Yet, under a promise of marriage, he won her affections, and induced her to give up lucrative employment.

The plaintiff was a German, but might be regarded as a Frenchwoman, as she had been adopted by Mr. and Mrs. J. Ferrier, living in Paris, and had spent most of her time in France.

When she met the defendant she held an important position in a well-known Parisian business establishment, being paid £16 a month. The defendant, who was about forty years of age, was an ostrich feather merchant with business premises in Paris. He owned two motor-cars and lived in considerable style.

DRESSES FOR DANCER.

A member of his household was a well-known dancer, whose name he (counsel) would not mention, and it was apparently for the purpose of purchasing dresses for this dancer that Hassan first entered the establishment where Miss Wolff was employed. She attended him, and, in course of time, they became friendly.

It was in January, 1913, that he asked her to marry him. She at first declined, but he was persistent, and, finally, she accepted him.

In February preparations were commenced for the wedding. Later he persuaded her to stay with him at his flat.

On March 2, counsel continued, the defendant came to London, and a day or two later he wrote to Miss Wolff, stating that he had had some trouble and had been unable to sleep, and added:—

"I hope you will not be angry with me, but circumstances have been too much against us. I hope this will soon pass over."

The plaintiff was unable to understand what the note meant, and at once came to London. She rang Hassan up on the telephone at his address at 1, Hilltop-road, Hampstead, and was told that he was not in, but that Mrs. Hassan was.

That, said counsel, was the first intimation she had that he was married. She returned to Paris without seeing him, and wrote him a letter, to which he replied:—

"Dear Madeline—I am sure you feel just as rotten as I do, but, my dear girl, I could not help it. I am not going to be sentimental and make all sorts of excuses and give explanations. I thought things were going to be different, and fate decreed otherwise. All I can say is that for the present—in fact, for some time—things must remain as they are. Believe me, I am not a blackguard and regret more than you do the circumstances."

Continuing, counsel said that unfortunately the story of that episode got about in Paris, and had interfered with the plaintiff's prospects.

She had since obtained a situation with a drapery firm in London, but received a very small salary.

The plaintiff then entered the witness-box and gave evidence, speaking in English with a French accent.

A tall and graceful brunette, she looked younger than the twenty-two years which, she told counsel, was her age. She was smartly attired in a long travelling coat, with a grey toque.

Replying to the sheriff, plaintiff said that she first met the defendant when he came into the shop where she was employed to buy some dresses.

LOST A7 FOUND.

Patch of Oil on the Sea Proves the Clue
to Her Position.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

DEVONPORT, Jan. 21.—Whilst cruising about in Whitsand Bay this afternoon just before four o'clock the Pigmy, which was mothering the A7 when she was lost, noticed a quantity of oil floating.

It was at once surmised that the submarine was somewhere about there, and the divers were sent for.

One was sent down, and found the submarine at the bottom. He made fast a line to her, and this has been buoyed.

The seaplane which was to have helped in the search has been in the harbour.

She had made an excellent trip down from Grain, only stopping once at Calshot.

The position of the submarine is about four miles north-west of Rame Head.

She is lying a little to the east of where she was last seen.

The special lighter, No. 94, is to leave Plymouth Sound for Whitsand Bay at daylight to-morrow, when preparations for raising the vessel will be proceeded with as speedily as possible.

Lord Michelham has offered a substantial cheque if the Lord Mayor of London can see his way to start a National Fund, on a permanent basis, to provide for wives and families of soldiers and sailors who lose their lives in the discharge of their duty.

"WHITE KING" OF KIKUYU BLACKS.

Romance of an Englishman Whom Natives Idolise.

A "CAPTAIN KETTLE."

There has been a striking and novel development in the Kikuyu religious controversy.

While the world's ecclesiastics and ministers have been arguing for and against the action of the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda, the native element has been overlooked.

But the natives refuse to be ignored any longer. They have heard of the disruption in the ranks of their missionaries, but they do not understand the reason.

In their ignorance they have sought what appears to them the simplest way of finding out the why and the wherefore.

Information reaches *The Daily Mirror* that the natives, who number nearly a million, have sent a representative deputation of chiefs to the "White King," the adventurous John Boyes, who is known throughout Africa as one of the most daring and courageous of Englishmen.

To Mr. Boyes the natives have gone for knowledge and guidance on this to them—mysterious question, and thus John Boyes, the "Captain Kettle" of real life, comes into the public eye.

Few figures in adventurous fiction have had a more romantic life than Mr. Boyes.

Still a comparatively young man, he is unofficial ruler over a million blacks, who regard him as something of a superman, a being to be regarded with a doglike devotion.

It was in 1898 that he first visited the Kikuyu country. He had organised a caravan to carry



MR. JOHN BOYES.

provisions for the coolies working on the Uganda Railway, but his men deserted him, and he determined to push on alone and explore.

"Captain Kettle" Boyes built himself a house in the Kikuyu village, and for years afterwards he was engaged in the most thrilling adventures that have ever befallen any Englishman.

He ruled with the rifle, and had no scruples in shooting to kill when he was in danger.

On one occasion he was tried at Mombasa for the murder of 200 natives.

"Why did you kill 200 natives?" the Judge asked him.

"Because there were no more to kill," Mr. Boyes answered.

The real reason was that Mr. Boyes shot the natives to prevent a general battle royal between the tribes, which would probably have resulted in the slaughter of 20,000.

A few years ago the Government sent an expedition into the "White King's" country to take over the administration.

To-day he is still practically ruler of the Kikuyu country, and he combines his monarchical activities with farming on a large scale.

CANADA IN MOURNING.

The news of the death of Lord Strathcona, announced yesterday, has been received with profound regret throughout the Empire, and in Canada the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have cancelled all immediate social functions. Flags were at half-mast in all Canadian towns yesterday and at Quebec the Provincial Legislature adjourned as a mark of respect.

Messages of sympathy and regret have been received from the King, the Queen, Queen Alexandra, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and other members of the Royal Family.

The funeral will take place on Monday at Highgate, where the body of Lady Strathcona was interred a few months ago.

"Who rests, rusts—" was always Lord Strathcona's motto. He sacrificed everything to work and for years only took two meals daily.

"I have breakfast at 9 a.m. and dinner at 9 p.m.," he once told *The Daily Mirror*, "and that gives me eleven hours daily for work."

FROM SONG TO SUICIDE.

The tragic story of an old Savoy singer, who threw himself in front of a train at Surbiton, was told at Surbiton yesterday, when an inquest was held concerning the death of Mr. Richard Green, a verdict of Suicide during temporary insanity being returned.

Mr. Green distinguished himself in Gilbert and Sullivan opera, and had sang also at Covent Garden with Mme. Melba and Mme. Patti. Later, misfortune had overtaken him and he had lost a good deal of money. Five or six months ago, it was said, he had been sleeping on the Embankment. A friend, who had found him and given him a room, said that he had failed to get work.

EARL COWLEY WEDS.

Quiet Marriage to Mrs. G. C. Buxton at Biarritz—His Third Marriage.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Jan. 21.—Earl Cowley was quietly married at Biarritz (south-west of France) on Monday to Mrs. Clare Buxton, daughter of the late Sir Francis Stapleton and formerly wife of Mr. G. C. Buxton. This is Lord Cowley's third marriage.

It was in January, 1913, that the new Lady Cowley was divorced from her husband, Mr. Geoffrey Charles Buxton, Lord Cowley being cited as the respondent. A few months later the then Lady Cowley, who had previously been Lady Hartopp, secured a divorce from the earl, whose second wife she was.



EARL COWLEY.

The occasion that brought Lord Cowley into the public eye was the famous Hartopp divorce suit in 1905, which was one of the costliest and lengthiest on record.

It was originally started in 1902, and the first hearing occupied several weeks. Sir Charles Hartopp charged his wife with misconduct with Earl Cowley, while Lady Hartopp brought counter-charges against her husband.

The petition on both sides fell to the ground, but the case was revived in April of 1905, when fresh allegations were put forward by Sir Charles Hartopp. The suit was undefended, and Sir Charles obtained a decree with costs.

The sequel to this suit was Lord Cowley's marriage to Lady Hartopp, which took place at Colombo on December 14, 1905.

PAWNS IN LIFE'S GAME.

Are Machines Turning Men Into Mere Mechanical Automata?

Is the world of to-day losing its power to think? Are people becoming automata, working along set mechanical lines in an age of mechanism?

That the development of modern machinery and "fool-proof" and labour-saving contrivances of all kinds is destroying human initiative and resource is the suggestion of an eminent scientist, who predicts a "death of inventiveness and a decline of the reasoning faculties."

Undoubtedly modern mechanical inventions tend more and more to remove the need for human thought and personal action. To name but a few, there are:

Typewriters.
Adding machines.
Dictaphones.
Automatic boot cleaners.
Pianos.

Moving stairways.
Photographs.
Safety razors.
Electric fans and coolers.
Steam heating.

"The greatest economic and social menace," says the scientist, "is the tendency to discourage individual thought and create labour and thought saving devices without substituting education of the reasoning processes."

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS.



M. Venizelos, the Greek Premier, and a famous statesman, who has come to London to consult Sir Edward Grey.



Mr. Morice Bird, the Surrey captain, with the M.C.C. team, is engaged to Miss Violet Mullar, of Dublin.

SPECIAL LIFEBELTS FOR CHILDREN



The convention signed by the delegates to the international conference on safety at sea recommends that ships carry special lifebelts for children. The pictures show how they are worn.

GREEN BEETLE IN MURDER MYSTERY.

Seafarer Seen With Officer Found Shot Near Pit Shaft.

£100 MISSING IN NOTES.

A Brazilian queen beetle which had been mounted as a scarfin is one of the clues on which the police are working in the grim mystery surrounding the discovery of the body of a well-dressed man near an old pit shaft at Bilston.

The body has been identified as that of Kent Reeks, senior fourth officer in the Mercantile Marine. He was a native of Australia, but had relatives at Manchester.

The green beetle scarfin which he was wearing when he visited his relatives in Manchester was found a few yards from the body, and is regarded as an indication that there had been a struggle.

The body was found in a depression round an old pit-shaft at Bilston. There were two shot wounds in the forehead and the eye had been penetrated.

Scattered round were four empty cartridge-cases, but no weapon was suggested, but this theory was abandoned last night owing to a number of considerations, one being based on the impossibility of the man discharging a revolver twice in his forehead and once in the eye and afterwards hiding the weapon.

MONEY WALLET MISSING.

Reeks only landed at Liverpool from Nova Scotia on Saturday, with a large sum of money, and said he had come to sit for an examination.

On Saturday he called on his grandmother, uncle and aunt at Swinton, near Manchester, but as they could not accommodate him he returned to Liverpool the same night, taking lodgings at a temperance hotel, where he remained for the week-end.

He left Liverpool again on Monday night with the intention, it is said, of once more visiting his friends at Swinton.

Reeks is known to have been in possession shortly before his death of notes representing 500lbs. (£100) in a dark green wallet. Neither notes nor wallet have been found.

The notes are not of a common type, and the police are circulating as widely as possible the fact that they are missing. But against the theory of robbery as a motive for murder is the fact that over 49 in gold and a gold watch were found in the man's pockets.

Inquiries are being made with the object of tracing two men who arrived in Wolverhampton early on Tuesday morning from Liverpool.

On Sunday and Monday deceased was in Liverpool with a seafarer, who is described as about thirty years of age, 5ft. 11in. in height, clean shaven, dark hair, occasionally wears spectacles, inclined to be slender, dresses in dark overcoat with bowler hat, and was wearing brown gloves. He is believed to belong to Chicago.

The possibility of Reeks having been murdered and his body conveyed in a motor-car to the pit shaft is favoured by the fact that the spent cartridges found by the body had not been recently discharged, one being filled with fluffy dust.

It is surmised that the body was dragged eighty yards from the road. (Photograph on page 1.)

IN MEMORY OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

On the eve of the thirteenth anniversary of Queen Victoria's death, Viscount Esher sent yesterday to the King a letter announcing the completion of the Queen Victoria Memorial and the end of the committee's labours.

The total subscriptions from the Empire for the memorial amounted to £225,000. Its leading feature is, of course, the statue to Queen Victoria at the end of the Mall.

In his reply to Viscount Esher the King said:—"My people will, I know, join with me in thankfulness for the successful accomplishment of the scheme, and in appreciation of the genius, skill and devoted labour by which this success has been achieved."

BARONESS'S COLLAPSE.

£6,000 Pearl Necklace Suit Adjourned Owing to Her Sudden Illness.

Owing to the sudden illness of the Baroness May de Pallandt, who is being sued by Dr. E. V. Appleby to recover £4,000 in regard to the purchase in Paris of a £6,000 pearl necklace, the further hearing of the case was adjourned yesterday by Mr. Justice Darling till next week.

The jury were discharged, the parties agreeing to allow the Judge to decide the case.

Mr. McCall, K.C., for the defendant, stated that when the hearing of the action was adjourned on Tuesday evening, the Baroness was taken ill and was led to one of the waiting-rooms in the court, where she collapsed from heart trouble.

She was eventually removed to a nursing home, and a medical man had given a certificate, in which he said she was suffering from asthma and combined weakness, and unable to leave her bed.

Mr. McCall then complained that a statement made by Mr. Marshall Hall during his cross-examination of the Baroness on Tuesday was "grossly improper."

Mr. Marshall Hall, he said, had handed to the Baroness a photograph, which he suggested was that of herself, and she had asked him, "Where did you get it from? Counsel then said: 'If you really want to know, look on the back; look at the police report.'"

In justice to the Baroness, he ought to say that such a statement was injurious and painful to her.

Mr. Marshall Hall: I think I ought not to have said "police."

The Judge pointed out that she asked Mr. Marshall Hall where he got the photograph from.

Mr. Marshall Hall said he did not oppose the adjournment. He had a great deal more to say to the Baroness.

(Photographs on pages 8 and 9.)

THREE ARTS BALL.



Mr. Ernest Shenniger as the Executioner, in which character he will appear at the Three Arts Ball at Covent Garden to-night.—(Hugh Cecil.)

EVERYBODY'S COURSE?

An important decision regarding the rights of the golfing public on Mitcham Common was given yesterday at Croydon, when Frederick Harris, the caddy master of the Prince's Club, was fined 5s. for obstruction. He had refused to supply a caddy to a non-member.

The Conservators of the common have laid down that no person but a member of the Prince's Club (of which Mr. Mailaby Deesley is chairman) or the Prince's Ladies' Club shall play on Wednesday or Saturday between certain hours. Counsel for the complainant, Mr. A. C. Harrison, of West Norwood, asserted, however, that Mr. Justice Phillips had decided that whether a person lived at Mitcham or at Kensington, he had an inherent right to play golf upon the course.

The Chairman said the Bench were of the opinion that the regulation giving preferential treatment to a class, distinguishing between the members of the golf club and those who were not, was ultra vires.

The Bench agreed to state a case.

BARONET AS ANTARCTIC EXPLORER.

Sir Daniel Gooch, of Hylands, Chelmsford, has been asked by Sir Ernest Shackleton to accompany him on the Antarctic expedition he is organising.

Sir Daniel stated last night he will probably go.

Sir Daniel Fulthorpe Gooch is forty-four and the third baronet. He was married in 1886 and has two sons and two daughters. He succeeded to the title in 1897.

AFRAID TO GO HOME BY SEA.

MALTA, Jan. 21.—The British steamer Nith, with 600 Moors on board, who are returning to Morocco from Mecca, arrived here yesterday. The steamer was not expected to call, but the captain was forced to put in by the pilgrims, who appear to be obsessed with the idea that if they remain on the Nith they will perish.

Their entreaties with the captain to seek shelter at Malta failed, but they assumed such a threatening attitude that the captain did not think it prudent to continue the voyage.—Reuter.



Lady Lowther.

Social Favourites.

Sir Gerard and Lady Lowther are, it is said, going to reside at the late Lady Hamblen's house in Belgrave-square, a large mansion, in whose spacious rooms Mr. and Mrs. Henry Villabois, of Marham, Norfolk, used years ago to dispense much agreeable hospitality. The house, at the corner of Chesham-place, is decorated in the rather heavy Victorian style, but it is understood the new occupiers are having fresh decorations.

An American Bride.

Sir Gerard Lowther, who got a baronetcy in the New Year honours, was, until his retirement recently from diplomacy, Ambassador at Constantinople. While First Secretary at Washington he met Miss Alice Blight, the handsome daughter of Mr. Atherton Blight, of Philadelphia, and their marriage subsequently took place in London. Since then they have lived mostly at Tangier and Constantinople.

A Contrast.

Strolling down Ludgate-hill yesterday afternoon, I was attracted by the spectacle of an elaborately dressed woman carrying a toy pom in her arms wrapped in a silken shawl. A few yards away was a poor old soul picking up a crust from the gutter.

Profers the Continent.

Puccini, the famous composer, who has been paying a visit to London, has returned to the Continent. Composers from other lands never stop longer in England than they can help, and Mascagni, I know, was very glad, the last time he came over, when he could leave these hospitable but chilly shores.

The Luxurious Circular.

The circularising money-lender must spend a small fortune every year on his literature, which tends more and more to gain in extravagance of production. The circulars which are sent to people staying at the fashionable hotels are veritable art masterpieces.

Soundproof Apartments.

In the newest of hotels apartments are being built into which it is guaranteed not the slightest sound can penetrate.

London Bridge Salmon.

Sir Aston Webb, who has been projecting himself into the future, takes a far more optimistic view of London centuries hence than did Macaulay when he pictured his famous New Zealand. If Sir Aston's dream of salmon fishing at London Bridge comes true the Londoner of 2014 will be a lucky man.

Indeed, Scotland, of course, will not relish the competition. Sir Aston Webb has every right to speculate about London's future, for no one has done more than he has towards beautifying the city.



Sir Aston Webb.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Duke Corrected by Poacher.

The venerable Duke of Grafton, who is among the distinguished invalids, once registered a vow that he would never enter a motor-car. However, at the age of eighty-four, eight years ago, he confessed at Kettering that he had broken it. In his capacity as magistrate, his Grace was once corrected by a poacher, whom he had fined five guineas and 16s. costs. "You'll pardon me," said the culprit, "but you can't make me pay more than 45. You see, I know what I'm talking about. I've been up before."

Society Less Superstitious.

Society is beginning to despise the unlucky thirteen tradition. Not merely is the first Court to be held on the thirteenth of next month, but quite a number of social festivities have been arranged for this day. There is also evidence that the old objection to living in houses numbered thirteen is fast disappearing.

Few Chibblains.

Though the weather has been so cold, a busy chemist has been telling me that he rarely remembers a winter when there have been so few cases of chibblains, with the result that there has been little demand for the usual chibblain liniments, on the sale of which the chemist relies this time of the year to help him out.

Photo Frame's Decline.

Though silver photographic frames continue to be the most popular of wedding presents, it cannot be because people crave to possess them. As a matter of fact, in an increasing number of houses it is no longer considered necessary to decorate a room with photographs, and one of the best-known society photographers tells me that to this change in fashion he attributes the falling off in the number of photographs of celebrities which are sold.

Atlantic Cardsharps Move.

The Atlantic cardsharps are now so well known to the officers of most of the big liners to America that they have felt it necessary to transfer their attentions elsewhere. Men of good address, excellent education and plausible manner, only experience reveals the real character of their calling.

Profits of Fashionable Dentistry.

The fashionable West End dentists must make very handsome fortunes. I hear of a case of a lady who has just paid £200 for work done to her teeth, mainly gold bridge work.

Insurance Curiosity.

A friend of mine who applied to a well-known insurance company to have a chest of silver plate insured whilst in transit from a south coast town to London, was told to apply to another insurance office, as it was "a marine risk."

Politics and Entertaining.

It is feared the acute political situation may seriously affect the festivities which the London season brings forth. Many of the most notable hostesses will be too occupied with grave affairs to have any heart for entertaining, more especially as they have pledged their services in many ways to the Ulster cause.

Unconventional Breakfast.

Mr. Cecil Raleigh, who has been complaining about the way in which the names of popular plays are used for unauthorised films, does not follow the usual practice in regard to breakfast. I was breakfasting with him not so long since, and, instead of tea and eggs and bacon, we had light wine and grilled chicken.

Beggarly Shakespearians.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson has been finding that Shakespeare pays. His opinion would not have been endorsed by the man who, a few years ago, used to sell newspapers outside the St. James's Theatre. I remember having a little talk with that worthy during a revival of "Much Ado About Nothing." He made the usual complaint about trade being bad, and added: "You may take it from me, sir, that Anglo-Shakespearean audiences have no money to spend on papers."

Rival Family Politicians.

If Major Wilson succeeds in defeating Mr. Masterman at the next election in South-West Bethnal Green—and his prospects are distinctly cheerful—he will add to the many in Parliament who find themselves opposed by relatives. By marriage he is related to Mr. H. J. Tennant, the

Under-Secretary for War. His grandfather was for years a Liberal member of the House. When the King visited India Major Wilson was made a Companion of the Star of India—an honour not previously conferred upon a lower rank than general. He is only thirty-eight years of age.

Clothes and Morals.

The Morals League of Chicago have started a vigorous campaign against women's low-cut blouses, slit skirts, short sleeves and mosquito-net stockings. Some of the present feminine fashions are certainly rather outspoken, but in many respects not half so indelicate as was the crinoline.

Beauty at the Lane.

I understand that there are still some people under the impression that the atmosphere of antiquity surrounding old Drury attaches to the ladies of the ballet and chorus. I can assure them they are labouring under a delusion. In fact, the Lane has probably the youngest and most beautiful chorus in London. They are not sleeping beauties, but very wide awake.

A Pickwick Link.

A debutante of the near future is Lady Hester Cairns, the eldest of Lord and Lady Cairns's family, and an attractive girl in her nineteenth year. Lady Cairns is a member of that well-known East Anglian family, the Cobbolds, of Ipswich, the wife of one of whom is immortalised in the "Pickwick Papers" as Mrs. Leo Hunter. Formerly in the Rifle Brigade, Lord Cairns is now in the Territorials, and commands the 5th Battalion of the London Regiment.

A Pretty Debutante.

Another eldest child who is soon to make her debut is Lord and Lady Dufferin's pretty daughter, Lady Doris Blackwood. Lady Dufferin, a most attractive American, is always conspicuous, even at large gatherings, for the beauty of her jewels. Lord and Lady Dufferin lived in Cadogan-square, but now have a delightful rus-in-urbe at Putney.

Pearls and Mussels.

The case of the person who found four small pearls in some mussels is anything but unique. A correspondent tells me that he possesses forty-three pearls which he has collected from mussels.

The Peacock as "Mother."

As I was walking through St. James's Park recently some small boys were admiring the beautifully coloured tails of two peacocks. A small stone was thrown at one of the peacocks, and a sensitive little boy called out, "Oh, don't hurt it, that's the mother." It would have been interesting to have known what the small boy would have called the peahen had it been there.

Cheap Luxury at Nice.

Although Nice is so fashionable and the best hotels so crowded at this time of the year, a man need not be very wealthy to stay in the most luxurious surroundings there. For about a sovereign a day one can live in pension at the finest hotels, and, as everybody knows, the food at the Nice hotels cannot be bettered anywhere.

Four Invisible Actors.

Two plays by Arthur Applin are to be produced shortly at the Court Theatre. One is "Rags," adapted from his strong story of that name; the other is a piece essentially French in character and treatment, called "Le Réve," but I hear it has been passed by the Censor. In the latter, four out of the five characters are invisible until after the curtain has fallen, with the result that the author had great difficulty in finding a suitable actress who would consent to play with four invisible people. Richard Middleton's clever piece, "The District Visitor," will also be produced for the first time.

THE RAMBLER.

Mr. Arthur Applin.



WIZARDS AS TEACHERS?

Why School Children Should Be Taught To Be Magicians.

If you would make children bright, observant and clever, teach them conjuring at school.

This is the advice of Mr. De Biere, the professional magician and "man of mystery," who yesterday, in *The Daily Mirror* Offices, gave a conjuring lesson to six small London children.

There were three boys and three girls, aged from five to seven, and never in their lives had they had such an enjoyable "lesson" or acquired so much in such a short time.

With his small audience round him, Mr. De Biere first made a green handkerchief disappear and reappear underneath a boy's jersey.

"Watch me carefully, children," he said. They followed his movements with rapt attention. Schoolteachers would have envied the splendid discipline he obtained. Slowly he rolled up the handkerchief until it disappeared between his hands.

But the children were not easily deceived. "It has gone up your sleeve," said one seven-year-old sceptic, peering into the sleeve—but it was not there.

Mr. De Biere produced the handkerchief from under Willie Blackwell's jersey.

"You must have put it there," said Willie, rather mystified.

When the magician changed a penny into a half-crown Sidney Longman gave an ingenious explanation.

"Why you must have had silver paper over the penny!" he said.

No matter how mystified grown-ups were by his tricks, the children always explained how they were done. (Photographs on page 8.)

BOYS WHO WERE WHIPPED

Doctor Who Chastised Them with Five-fold String Sues for Libel.

The punishment of boys formed the basis of a libel action before Mr. Justice Darling yesterday. The plaintiff was Mr. W. J. C. Keats, medical superintendent of the Camberwell Infirmary, and the defendants the Weekly Budget, Ltd., proprietors of the *London Budget*.

In February last year, said Mr. McCall, K.C., Dr. Keats punished four boys for insubordination by striking them on the back with a piece of string folded five times.

At a meeting of the guardians a member, Mrs. Bracer Wright, otherwise known as the Countess de Lormet, raised the question of the punishment, and on March 23 the defendants published the report and comment complained of.

The following misleading headings, said counsel, appeared in the paper:—"Countess and Flogger of Boys," "Allegations of Punishment of Convalescent Boys in the Infirmary with Five-tailed Lash."

Giving evidence, Dr. Keats explained that one of the boys ran away in the rain, while another played tricks with the electric light switches.

The defence was that a fair report was given, and that it was not unfair to describe a piece of string folded five times as a five-tailed lash. The hearing was adjourned. (Photographs on page 3.)

Two runaway horses, attached to a brewer's van, were brought to a standstill at Walton yesterday by a man who is paralysed in the right arm and leg.

WIFE ASKS TO BE KILLED

Eminent Surgeon's Views on Propriety of Ending Lives of Tortured Patients.

Is a man justified in killing his wife to end her agonies? William Eberwein, an American Civil War veteran, has just been found guilty of murdering his wife under unusual circumstances.

He said his wife was suffering tortures from cancer, and begged him to put her out of her misery. He refused at first, and said that such an action would be a terrible sin, but his wife repeated her request, and he killed her.

Eberwein is eighty years of age and his wife was sixty-five. He was condemned to an indeterminate sentence of not less than seven years' nor more than fourteen years' imprisonment.

Are there ever circumstances in which it would be permissible to kill dying men or women and put them out of their agony?

The Daily Mirror discussed the subject with an eminent surgeon yesterday. "The whole theory of medical practice," he said, "is based on the old proverb: 'Whilst there's life there's hope.'"

Cases come under an ordinary general practitioner's knowledge every week where death would be a blessed relief, but it would never do to give anyone the power of taking life in any circumstances.

"Civilisation has grown out of barbarism, chiefly by the recognition of the sanctity of life. Every individual is a separate entity, with a life that cannot be interfered with by anybody else."

BONUS BRIDES.

Ford Company's Profit-Sharing Plan Leads to 75 Marriages.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

DETROIT, Jan. 21.—Since the Ford Automobile Company's profit-sharing plan was announced seventy-five workers in the plant have been married and twenty have applied for marriage licences, and more are applying daily.

The brides-to-be arrange to obtain the licences, the men being too busy to take sufficient time off to visit the town hall.

"It seems to me," said Alexander Stewart, the marriage licence clerk to-day, "that Henry Ford has answered the much-mooted question, 'Why do so many thousands of young men nowadays refuse to get married?' It is simply because they have not the necessary funds."

"This is exactly what I have gathered from what the Ford employees have said. I have talked to a good many while making out their licences. They are all tickled over their good fortune. Most of them have been engaged a long time trying to save up enough money to give them a start, and finding it a hard task."

"Now that more than a living wage is assured to them as long as they behave themselves and are industrious they feel that they can take a wife."

Alfred Dreyfus, the hero of the world-famous trial, and M. Labori, his eminent counsel, attended General Picquart's funeral service at Amiens yesterday, says Reuter.

What the Army Offers.

To all single men of good character between 18 and 25 years of age the Army offers good wages, good food, and unique opportunities for Sports and Games—the surest means of keeping a man fit for service in the field. Send the form below for a free copy of a 32-page illustrated book on “The Army and what It Offers.”

HAVE you ever seriously thought about the advantages of the Army? Probably not, and most likely for the simple reason that you have never known the true facts about a soldier's life and the conditions of his service. If you will fill up and send in the form below you will receive a free copy of “The Army and What It Offers,” a 32-page illustrated book that gives full details of life in the Army and tells of its many advantages and how to join it.

When you are considering your future you would do well to consider the Army and all the chances it offers you.

Soldiers' Wages.

What are you earning now, and what are your prospects? Are you sure of ever getting more than 25s. a week if in a town, or 20s. if in the country? And even with these wages what have you left for yourself at the end of the week after paying for your lodging, for train or tram fares to your work, for your food, for your Insurance, and for the clothes and boots you wear while at work or at leisure.

And now consider the soldier. He is charged 3d. or 4d. a day for his groceries and vegetables, to meet which he is given a “Messing Allowance” of 3d. a day, and he has to pay 1½d. a week for his Insurance, but practically all the rest of his necessities are provided for him free—lodgings, rations, and clothing. In the Infantry the average balance of pay at the disposal of a private soldier immediately after enlistment is 6s. 8½d. per week; after serving for 2 years, if in the First Class for Proficiency, a private has at his disposal 10s. 2½d., a Corporal 14s. 10½d., and a Sergeant 17s. 6d.

Promotion.

But if a private is well off in the Army, any steady and well-conducted soldier with ambition may well look forward to promotion, and consequent increase of pay and improvement of position. The chance of being offered a Commission as Officer has now been made greater, and may certainly be considered as a possibility by any ambitious young man who joins the Army.

Soldiers' Holidays.

In civil life a man may be allowed a holiday of a week or a fortnight every year, and perhaps then only by losing his wages.

A soldier can usually depend on being given a holiday of at least a month each year, and in addition can often get leave of absence for a few days at other times. Whilst on leave, and during the whole of his long holiday, he receives his full daily rate of pay, and in addition gets 3s. 6d. a week to make up for the Rations he receives free whilst in barracks.

Sports, Games, etc.

In the Army a man has unique opportunities for all kinds of sports and games, such as he can get in no other profession to anything like the same extent. Every encouragement is given to the soldier to play cricket, football, and hockey, grounds being provided for these sports in all garrisons. In most garrisons, there is a well-equipped gymnasium, and the soldier's physical training and development are everywhere carefully supervised by expert instructors. Shooting and swordsmanship form part of the soldier's actual work, and athletic sports with good prizes are often held.

Seeing the World.

The soldier has exceptional opportunities of seeing the world, free of cost to himself. The British Army is in garrison all over the Empire,

and Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, Hong Kong, Channel Islands, India, the West Indies, South Africa, and other places may all be visited by him.

Comfortable Quarters.

In all regimental barracks there is a recreation-room with billiard and bagatelle tables, newspapers, and indoor games. There is a well-stocked Library, a canteen fitted with coffee bars, and in the evening there is often a concert or other entertainment in barracks, given by local or outside talent. In the Army, too, the meals are better and more varied than those of the ordinary civilian; the food provided is of excellent quality, it is well cooked, and there is always enough.

For the Skilled Workman or Clerk.

If you have a knowledge of some trade, it will probably help you to earn more money in the Army. Certain Corps (Royal Engineers, Army Ordnance, Army Service, and Royal Flying Corps) are largely composed of men engaged in some trade, whilst in almost every regiment there are openings for carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, and shoeing smiths, and a man who is a good clerk is practically certain of employment, with a very good chance of early promotion.

General Advantages.

Such, then, are some of the many advantages the Army offers to the ambitious man. Good pay, chances of promotion, long holidays, unique opportunities for games and sports, and travel to foreign parts—these are some of the benefits the Country gives a man in return for his services, while there is no career that can offer a man greater chances of distinction.

If you are an ambitious man in want of a stirring life, send the Coupon below, with your name and address, for a free copy of “The Army and What It Offers”—a 32-page book, giving full details of life in the Army and the pay of the various regiments. It is well illustrated with photographs, and is a book that every man ought to read. Send the form below or a postcard to-day for a copy. It will be sent post free and without any obligation on your part. No stamp is needed for postage.

If what you have read on this page has decided you to enlist without further delay, write to or call on the nearest Recruiter, whose address you can obtain at any Post Office or Government Labour Exchange, and he will tell you what to do.

Weekly Pay of Privates in the Regular Army

in Addition to Lodgings, Rations and Clothing.

N.B.—The sums stated include messing allowance at 3d. a day issued to all soldiers of 18 and over.

	On Enlistment	After 2 years including proficiency pay.
Household Cavalry	14/-	15 9 to 17 6
Cavalry	9 11	11 8 to 13 5
Royal Horse Artillery		
Gunner	11 1	12 10 to 14 7
Driver	10 6	12 3 to 14/-
Royal Field Artillery	10 2½	11 11½ to 13 8½
Royal Garrison Artillery	10 2½	11 11½ to 13 8½
Foot Guards	9 4	11 1 to 12 10
Infantry of the Line	8 9	10 6 to 12 3

The Pay of Soldiers in the Royal Engineers, Army Service Corps, Royal Flying Corps, Royal Army Medical Corps, Army Ordnance Corps, and all other branches will be found in the free illustrated book.

A FREE BOOK.

This Coupon should be sent at once to avoid delay. Do not stamp the envelope, as no stamp is needed, but mark your envelope “O.H.M.S.”

To the Secretary, War Office,
(Recruiting Dept.),
Whitehall, S.W.

Please send me, free of charge, and without any obligation on my part, a copy of the 32-page illustrated book, “The Army and What It Offers,” giving particulars of the conditions of service in the Army.

NAME

(Send this form or a postcard mentioning this paper.
No postage stamp needed.)

ADDRESS

“Daily Mirror.”

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Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1914.

HAD WE BUT KNOWN...

SINCE submarine A7 disappeared from knowledge a day or two ago, we have had an opportunity of observing an unchanging phenomenon that always follows such disasters: we mean, not only the numbers of those who could have prevented this thing from happening, but also the multitude of those who have long ago invented absolutely safe means of securing that no such thing shall ever happen in future. We have here dozens of diagrams to illustrate the point.

These designs, these plans—in this instance, plans for the recoverable submarine—come from people of all ages and conditions; most of them, however, from poor people who cannot afford to patent or push their invention. Under seal of intense secrecy, however, they confide the invention to us, and we do not intend to betray it: for, alas, as far as we can judge, it would be small profit to submarines if we did. We must be content with recording the here proved fact of a vast inventiveness, also submerged, like submarines, under the monotonous surface of our daily commercial doings. Letters and diagrams from school-boys and schoolmasters, letters from cooks and engineers, rich people, poor people write. We read their suggestions—nearly all absolutely futile—and walk out into the street; and look upon the passers-by in that anonymous throng with a new conception of their capabilities.

To us, indeed, after reading the letters of safe-submarine inventors, it seems that all the people we pass must be mechanicians or engineers.

We had thought that they passed dreaming of average things; they dreamt, eyes fixed ahead, of riches and love, of eating and drinking; or they thought how cold it was and how unpleasant.

No: They are devising submarines. Or, if not submarines, then grates that won't smoke, or a substitute for coal, or a mud-guard for motor-omnibuses, or a cow-catcher for them. Our minds, in this Twentieth Century, run in that groove, like trains; a mechanical groove. There is always something waiting to be found, which shall make something else go faster, or be less dangerous. These dreamers are busy finding it. That is the meaning of these letters, these diagrams, these fixed and vacant faces.

It is curious, this vast inventiveness, busily at work below the surface. Is it to be attributed to pure love of mechanism, or to longing for the riches that derive from a safe and successful invention? A mingling of the two, no doubt. But, we repeat, it is curious to know that, while in other ages men dreamt of El Dorado or Utopia, of sailing over seas, of finding the Philosopher's Stone or the Secret of the Transmutation of Metals, of Alchemy and Witchcraft, of theories of Church Government and the Civil Polity, now they dream mainly of the improvement of a wheel, or of the better ordering of a button you press to make the wheel revolve. W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better or worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till. Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string.—A. W. Emerson.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

"MARRIAGE KILLS LOVE."

MY own experience proves that marriage does not kill love, but rather strengthens it. I have been married for over fifteen years, and my husband and I are just as true lovers as when we first met. In fact, the older we grow the more attached to one another we become.

LOVE IN ITS TRUE SENSE.

DOES "Reason" speak from experience? To quote my own case, I am a very happy wife of six years' standing and my husband, I ideal. A friend of mine, whom I have known for years, staying with us at Christmas, told me we were her ideal couple.

We have gone through all manner of trials and troubles during our married life, and have come through it all loving each other more. Marriage has not killed our love—only deepened it. Surely

THREE KINDS OF LOVE.

THE love of a woman for a man must contain three separate kinds of love to give complete pleasure to herself and the man she has married. If the man ceases to love the woman, the three loves alluded to, and felt by the woman, will shrivel up and die.

The first kind of love is the purest emotion of the soul. It is unselfish and unspeakably passionate. A woman can love her husband, child, friend, etc., in this way at the same moment of time. No physical or other blemish or deformity falling on the loved ones will less-en or destroy the love given to them, for they have entered into the shrine of the woman's soul—the holy of holies within her being.

The second kind of love arises from social and other affinities. It will probably in time form part of the first love, or cause it to arise, but it may exist without it. The woman who feels it for her

HOUSEWORK HUSBANDS.

Do Women Like the Type of Man Who "Interferes" at Home?

IT is very small-minded of wives to condemn menfolk helping in their daily task of housework just because their husbands seem a little awkward at first.

Did "Housewife" or "Wife With a Will" burn a few cakes during their first efforts? Have they ever smashed a handle off a cup or forgotten to put salt in the greens?

We were taught to wash up, make beds, dust rooms, clean silver and hundreds of other little duties which men seem awkward at, but nevertheless we all do our own rooms on Sundays, also wash up and let our maid go out.

FOUR BROTHERS.

WHY should men be incompetent over the housework? I fail to see.

I have always employed men in my house, and after dealing for years with incompetent and untidy housemaids at last took advantage of a scheme I saw advertised for employing men in that capacity. My housemaid-men are usually retired service men, and I have found that they do excellent work. Is there any reason why husbands as well as wives should not know how to look after the house?

The Boy Scout Movement had, I thought, educated us, and the boys, too, out of the stupid notion that boys cannot and must not work with their hands in the house, as well as cook, sew—yes, and make the beds if need be. I should like to help forward on these lines a League for Teaching Housework to Husbands. Who will help? N. R. Courtfield-road, S.W.

SOME years ago I was left a young widow with three young sons—no daughters—to bring up. Fortunately, I was left well off. I determined that my sons, therefore, should have the best education money could provide. And in that I include the very matters of interest in and knowledge of household affairs that your correspondents seem to think ought to belong to women only.

I am glad to say that most of my boys are ashamed of knowing how to cook and "deal with the tradespeople." I flatter myself that each knows how to order and prepare a good dinner as well as I do—perhaps better, as they have better appetites with which to enjoy their food. A. H. Alton, Hants.

MY experience is that most newly-married men have a perfect mania for interfering in household matters. It is the duty of a young wife to suppress this unseemly interest in her affairs.

Woe to the wife who lets her husband interfere with her affairs! Woe, I say! She will never know a moment's peace, turn by her husband's morbid interest in what is, after all, only the woman's job.

A WIFE WHO LIKES WORK. Maxwell-road, Bournemouth.

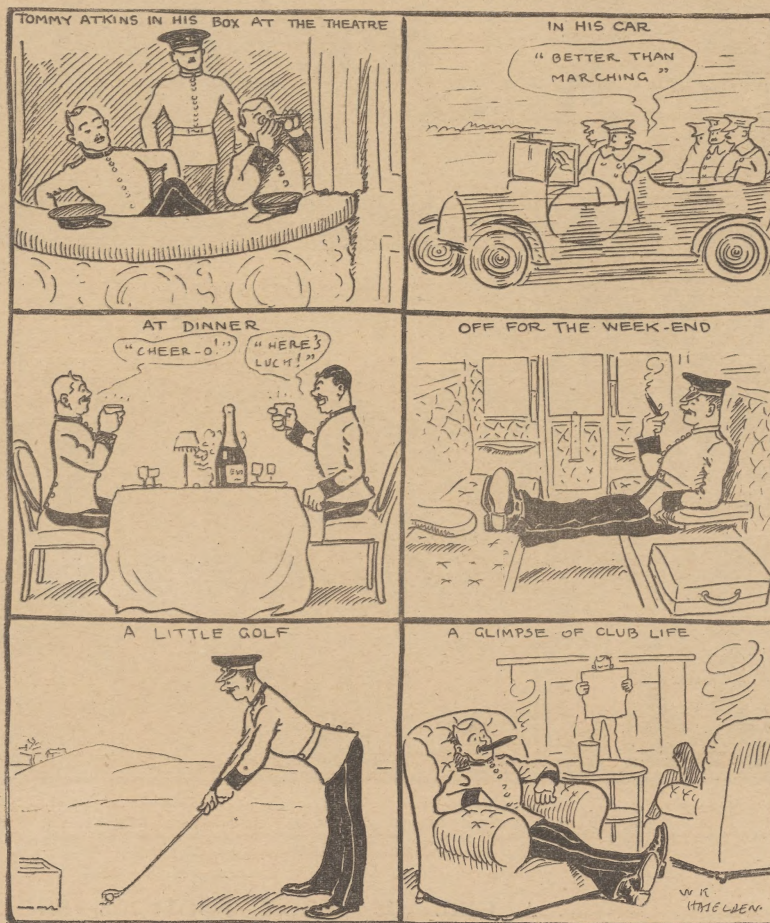
IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 21.—The lupins are some of our finest hardy flowers, and make an imposing show in the summer garden. They all do well in ordinary soil and a sunny position.

The polyphylus varieties can now be obtained in many fine colours—blue, purple, white, rose-pink and lilac in many shades. Arboreus is evergreen and shrubby in growth. Snow Queen (white) and the yellow variety are the sorts generally seen, but there are also several beautiful hybrids. E. F. T.

The seventh volume of Mr. Haselden's cartoons is now ready. It contains over a hundred of the best of those published during the past year. You may buy "Daily Mirror Reflections" for 6d. at any book-stall, or you may obtain it post free for 8d. from "The Daily Mirror," 23, Bouverie-street, E.C. "Daily Mirror Reflections" makes an ideal gift for old and young.

HOW TO MAKE THE ARMY POPULAR: SOME FURTHER SUGGESTIONS.



Soldiers and others have lately been confirmed in a military career or else attracted to it by a remarkable cinema film displaying the training of a soldier. Why not show some cinema pictures of this type? Indeed, why not make the soldier's life like this? Surely that would stimulate recruiting!—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

this does something to disprove the theory of "Reason" with its assertion that no love can survive marriage for long. E. W. R. Oxford.

"THE DAILY MIRROR" OVERSEAS.

IT may interest you to know that six copies of your paper have been sent by me weekly to Winnipeg, Hong-Kong and Germany for the past four years, and are circulated among a large number of friends in these respective places. D. M. Downs.

13, Upstall-street, Myatt's Fields, S.E.

WINTER WIND IN LONDON.

Hark! how the wind sighs out of sight
Sorrow and warning;
It is aged and wrestled in pain all night,
It sighs at morning.

The very trees where the wild winds wreak
The wrongs of the city,
Green and croak as they faint would speak
Pardon and pity.

Heart, keep silence; forbode no more
Warning and sorrow,
Who knows, the heavens may hold in store
Spring for to-morrow.

—MARY RODINSON.

TO-DAY'S DINNER-TABLE TOPICS.

A Cabinet crisis: Is there one at present, and what will come of it? Or, if we may put it in popular fashion: Do you put your money on Lloyd-George or Winston? "Alas, they had been friends in youth!"

Needs of the Navy: what side you take. Our hospitals. Mr. Holland's plan of collecting huge sums by begging—then spending the sums on the hospital and wasting more. Surely the only system is endowment. The begging-and-spending system is in the end bound to fail.

Whether or not men ought to interfere in the work of the house. See our correspondence. Many wives seem to think they don't want them "interfering about." Others long for a husband—who will listen as they talk about the cook and the boiler.

A WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE.

Stirring Scenes of Redskin Warfare on a Film.



Three hundred men and 200 horses were employed in the production of an exciting Red Indian film just brought to this country. It is called "The Big Horn Massacre," and shows incidents of pioneer life among emigrants in the Far West of America. In the top picture a daring rescue of the heroine from the Indian camp is shown. Below, a duel on horseback between rival Indian chiefs, and the hero (a soldier) at bay when his camp is attacked by the redskins, are shown.—Kalem.)

Baroness de Pallar



Dr. Ernest Appleby, who brought the action.

When Dr. Appleby's suit against the Baroness of the Barones was suffering from asthma and was sensational statements, arises out of the sale of suing for indemnity on two bl

TRAMWAY-CAR LETTER-BOXES.



All the electric tramway-cars in Madrid are now fitted with these travelling post-boxes. Letters may be posted at any point of the journey.

A GIRL OF WHOM FOOTPADS SHOULD BEWARE: SHE DEMONSTRATES



An open umbrella is used thus.



Catch him by the throat and kick him.
There has been an epidemic of attacks on defenceless women of late, but the man who endeavoured to molest Miss Hetty Beard, an athletic Bedford



Thus caught, he is in your power.



And can be held

Too Ill to Appear.



The Baroness May de Pallandt, the defendant.

It was resumed yesterday counsel announced that she would appear. The action, which has produced some rope of pearls, and Dr. Appleby, an American, is now being fought on a charge amounting to £4,083.

DOG IN A BARROW.



Prince, the pet of the Animals' Hospital, found by a little girl, who had him wheeled back in a barrow.

"New Thought" Bride's Extraordinary Wedding.



Miss Evalene Smith, New York's first "New Thought" bride, was married to Mr. Paul Menzel with "New Thought" wedding ceremony, which, the followers of that movement claim, is founded "on the harmonious vibrations of the air." The couple's only vows were made to their own soul-consciences. The top picture shows the bride and groom with the maid of honour and best man. Below, the ceremony being performed by Mr. R. W. Sears. The portrait is of the bride.

TEACHES HOW SHE CAN DEFEND HERSELF AGAINST ATTACK.



Bring the knee forcibly against his face.



Another effective umbrella defence.

"WE DESERVED OUR SUCCESS."



Two very different types at the Birmingham Dog Show. Dr. G. Rose Northwood's bulldog won a first and Miss K. Armitage's miniature poodle a first and two specials.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

Coldest Miss Hetty Beard, an athletic Bedfordshire girl, would get more than he bargained for.

The Most Delicious Sauce in the World

Yorkshire Relish

A 'suggestion' of Yorkshire Relish makes 'The Roast Beef of Old England' worthier its fame than ever!

Yorkshire Relish adds a distinctive and delightful piquancy of its own and, in addition, brings out the delicate flavour of the meat in wonderfully appetising fashion. Your first taste proves it!

"GOOD THINGS" OUR 100-PAGE COOKERY BOOK, FREE.

Sold everywhere, 6d., 1/-, and 2/- per bottle.

SOLE PROPRIETORS: GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., LEEDS.




LOOK WELL ON TUROG

THE extent to which beauty is dependent on a wise diet can only be realized by those who have tried it.

The kernel, the vital germ and the three INNER layers of wheat compose Turog. These constituents are all that Nature intended to be eaten; the outer husk composed of two layers of hard and wholly indigestible matter we cast away by the exclusive Turog process just as you discard the skin of a banana.

Turog is all goodness; nothing is taken away from the wheat berry but harmful shell and nothing is added to it.

Wholmeal containing coarse bran irritates the delicate lining of the stomach and frequently lodges in the folds of the intestines, causing putrefaction and grave discomfort.

To change from ordinary bread to Turog is to ensure maximum nourishment from what, after all, is a great part of your daily diet.

The qualities of Turog are simply due to its being all of the wheat that is fit to eat—Nature's intended food.

Order Turog to-day; the action will well repay you.

Turog

Best Brown Bread

Guaranteed absolutely pure and unadulterated by
THE TUROG BROWN FLOUR CO. LTD.
302 Bute Street, CARDIFF.

see that (gold corner) on the chocolate packet you buy, it is there to guard you against substitution



Velma

3d 6d 1s

Milka

is delicious true chocolate, as true as it is fine, as fine as it is true, the greatest achievement in chocolate yet
In the red packet with the gold corner.

is the Queen of milk chocolates. A bewitching blend of pure chocolate and full cream milk
In the mauve packet with the gold corner.

CURE YOUR CHILBLAINS BY TWO APPLICATIONS of Whelpton's HEALING OINTMENT

USE WHELPTON'S HEALING OINTMENT FOR BURNS, CUTS, RINGWORM, BAD LEGS, ECZEMA & ALL SKIN DISORDERS. Prices 1/12 & 2/9. Obtainable at all Chemists, or post free 1/2 or 2/9 from G. WHELPTON & SON, LTD., 4, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

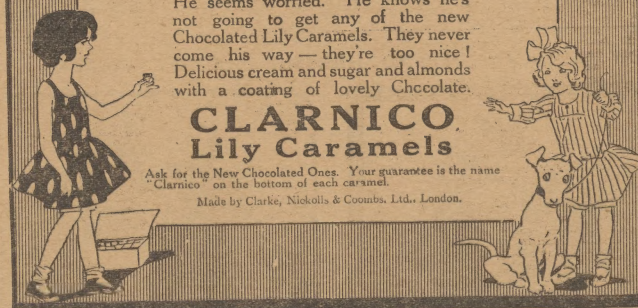
Look at Fido!

He seems worried. He knows he's not going to get any of the new Chocolated Lily Caramels. They never come his way—they're too nice! Delicious cream and sugar and almonds with a coating of lovely Chocolate.

CLARNICO Lily Caramels

Ask for the New Chocolated Ones. Your guarantee is the name "Clarnico" on the bottom of each caramel.

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'Hairs Never Return'



Electhair, although inexpensive, is a certain, safe and sure cure for unsightly hairs on the face or elsewhere. It not only causes the hairs to instantly vanish, but without pain or harm, kills the roots absolutely, and for ever. Sent in plain cover for 7d. with reports and actual testimonials from grateful customers which will convince you. Electhair is not merely a temporary remedy, but really a lasting, Permanent Cure. Send now 7d. stamps to

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WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ANTIQUES, old coloured sporting and other prints, old china, silk-work pictures, Toy jugs, glass putters bought for cash—Folkards (sold 1914), 355, Oxford-st., W. ARTIFICIAL Teeth (Old) Bought; all wish apply to the dental manufacturers instead of to provincial buyers; if forwarded by post named value per return or offer made—Messrs. Browning 63, Oxford-st., London, E.C. over 100 years. Note No. 63. CASPOFF Clothes—All Tailors: Lace, Teeth, Jewellery, etc., bought at highest prices; buyers attend from cash in plain cover for 7d. with reports and actual testimonials from grateful customers which will convince you. Electhair is not merely a temporary remedy, but really a lasting, Permanent Cure. Send now 7d. stamps to

FALSE Teeth Bought, any condition: 7d. to 2s. 6d. per platinum-pinned tooth on vulcanite, 6s. on silver, 12s. on gold; 30s. on platinum; platinum-strap, 42 10s. per oz., any quantity; call or post; reliable; established 1825; bankers, Lloyd's; tel. 5030 City—J. Rayburn and Co., 108, Market-st., Manchester. GENT'S, Ladies' second-hand Clothes, good prices paid. OLD False Teeth bought any kind; we pay more than any other firm for teeth on vulcanite, silver, gold or platinum; post today—Bells, Upperland-st., Leeds. OLD Teeth, broken Jewellery, Plate, Antiques, etc.; good prices by return.—Pearce and Co., 24, High Holborn, W.C. SRAP Platinum, Gold, Dental Alloy and Silver pur chased for cash; highest prices.—Fraser (Hawth), Ltd., Goldsmiths, Desk 31, Prince-st., Ipswich. Established 1853 STANLEY and Co. give highest possible prices by return for Jewellery, Old Teeth (any condition), Diamonds, Plate, Cutlery; exchequer notes—35, Oxford-st., London, W. WE Buy advertising letters of every kind at the highest prices.—Von Hagen and Co., 14, Berg-st., Hamburg 30.

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containing 1,000 illustrations of articles of value to the Colonists, manufactured here in our Liverpool Factories, showing a saving of 25 per cent. at least, and including free delivery on board ship. Send for the above to
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wearable as net ones, and lengthens the life of new collars. It is easily and quickly applied, not at the laundry, but by yourself just before putting collar on. A few rubs over, and the edges, however rough, become glossy and smooth. It is a perfect boon to those with either long or short necks. And it is necessary to those who wish to be economical. One block will do hundreds of collars. Also suitable for cuffs in the same way. Sold by post only. Send P.O. for 1s. MED SPECIALIZING CO. 54, Leather-lane, Carlisle.

NEW SERIAL

BEGIN TO-DAY.

What Every Woman Forgets.

By HENRY FARMER.

THE CHARACTERS.

Fritz Kavanagh, a young man of twenty-five, travelling before settling down to a political career. He is on his way to India when he meets

Suzanne Cloan, the beautiful wife of

Michael Cloan, known as "Rajah" Cloan, owner of vast plantations in the East.

Caroline Cloan, Cloan's sister, a militant suffragette.

Reggie Lombard, Kavanagh's cousin.

THE STORY.

The story opens on board the Mooltana, bound for India. Fritz Kavanagh makes the acquaintance of Suzanne Cloan, who is going out to Ceylon to join her husband. Kavanagh perceives at once that she is unhappy. He suspects that "Rajah" Cloan, ruler over armies of native labour and with the reputation of a bully, is not a suitable husband for a woman with the ideals and temperament of Mrs. Cloan. Before the ship has reached Colombo Kavanagh has fallen deeply in love with Mrs. Cloan. He realises that she, too, is not indifferent to him; but no word of love is spoken between them.

When Colombo is reached Mrs. Cloan introduces Kavanagh to her husband and the younger man finds Cloan different from what he expected. He is impressed with the strength and attractiveness of the "Rajah's" personality.

Eight months afterwards Kavanagh is back in London and meets Cloan at his club. The "Rajah" asks the young man to dinner at his house, and, actuated by a desire to renew his acquaintance with Mrs. Cloan, Kavanagh accepts. But when he arrives at the house he finds Cloan hopelessly drunk. He discerns that this is the cause of Suzanne's unhappiness.

During the dinner Cloan displays abominable behaviour, which Kavanagh does his best to cover up, sympathising keenly all the while with the man's wife.

After the meal Cloan falls into a drunken sleep, and Kavanagh joins Mrs. Cloan in the drawing-room. He finds her weeping bitterly. Swept by compassion and affection for her, his arms close round her, expressing passion, sympathy and a man's craving to protect a woman. And then, suddenly, her body becomes rigid. She stares past him. He releases her and swings round.

The door is open. "Rajah" Cloan stands on the threshold, staring himself against the lintel. He comes forward to attack Kavanagh, but trips, falls and strikes his head heavily.

Oncoming results. Kavanagh does his best for the "Rajah," and doctor is called. The young man leaves the house late that night, Cloan not having recovered consciousness.

When Kavanagh arrives at his flat he finds Reggie Lombard waiting to see him. A remark from Lombard leads Kavanagh to the discovery that he has brought away Cloan's overcoat from the "Rajah's" house in mistake for his own. He puts his hand in the pocket and brings out a note. It is a short love letter addressed to Michael Cloan. The signature is "Aimée," and the address on the notepaper, The Nook, Datcham-on-Thames.

CHAPTER IV. (continued.)

KAVANAGH forgot the presence of Reggie Lombard, and whatever might be the reason that had brought him to his flat at that hour of the night.

The note in his hand, signed "Aimée," and for

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an address "The Nook, Datcham-on-Thames," read desperately. Kavanagh felt that he had been given an unexpected glimpse at a secret chapter in "Rajah" Cloan's life. It was like a detached paragraph that left the imagination to supply the context.

"Waiting—waiting. Have you forgotten everything—me? Oh, you men! The strain is more than I can bear."

The note he held became mixed up with his own dilemma. Cloan in his cups had been revealed as physically dangerous as well as a coarse-tongued brute. Kavanagh had seen quite enough to account for Mrs. Cloan's unhappiness, first divined on board the Mooltana, months ago. Now he asked himself whether this "Aimée" might not be a further contributing cause.

And then he felt sensitively that in reading and attempting to analyse this note he was not quite playing the game. Owing to a dazed manservant and his own distracting thoughts he had come away from Menzies House in Cloan's overcoat quite by mistake. But this did not entitle him to read what correspondence he might happen to find in the pockets, and he regarded the maxim that all was fair in love and war as pernicious.

He slipped the note through the slit in the overcoat into a trouser-pocket. He did not quite know what he was going to do with it; destroy or keep it.

"Yes, I must have walked off with some other fellow's overcoat," he said, turning to Reggie Lombard, who was too deeply worried over some trouble of his own to be closely concerned with what Fritz was doing. "What's your trouble, Reggie?"

The good-looking boy picked up his glass, fortified himself therefrom, and laughed recklessly. "I'm in a bit of a fix, Fritz, old chap. I hate coming to you, don't you know, and I still owe you—but it's rather an awkward fix. I wonder if you could lend me two hundred and fifty quid—or back a bill for me. FitzUrse is quite a decent fellow, though his real name is Isaacstein. He'll do it for me—if I can get the bill backed."

Reggie Lombard had further recourse to his glass.

"But," he went on, fingering his mouth nervously, "it's a question of raising it quickly. Very quickly. I must have it to-morrow. FitzUrse will do it to-morrow—if I've got a responsible backer."

Kavanagh took a cigar and nipped off the end thoughtfully.

"Cards?" he asked quietly.

"Why—why I want the money doesn't—er—exactly matter?" There was a slight stammer in the boy's voice.

Kavanagh accepted the evasion as a negative. He was very fond of Reggie Lombard, who was a nephew of his stepfather, the Dean of Larchester. The silver-voiced dean, who as a young man was said to have tossed up between the Church and Stage, had been exceedingly good to his brother's son. Colonel Lombard had lost his life gallantly in one of the Empire's little wars, and had not left much behind him in the way of money, at least, relatively.

Two hundred a year, that would have been sufficient and a stepping-stone to some young men, went a precious little way with young Lombard, and his subaltern's pay did not cover regimental expenses. He had been going through the phase that is sometimes described as "seeing life": a period of stalls at musical comedies, suppers at highly-expensive restaurants, champagne and costly cigars—on an income that would have scarcely justified cheap claret; a period of gifts in the shape of chocolate flowers and Bond-street jewellery to ladies of the chorus and actresses of small parts, of visits to financiers who were positively embarrassed with superfluous capital which they were yearning to lend on note of hand.

Reggie had been accumulating rather than vicious. Reggie had been accumulating material for future trouble. There was only a matter of three years' difference between him and Kavanagh, but in other respects Kavanagh was much the older.

"A woman?" was Kavanagh's next quiet question. The boy fell back again on his glass.

As he did so Kavanagh crossed to an escritoire and unlocked a drawer. His back was turned to Reggie. His balance happened to be low at the bank, and he wanted a quiet look at his pass-book. But before taking it out he drew from the overcoat pocket the squat, automatic pistol that he had appropriated under impulse from Cloan's dressing-table, and slipped it to the back of the drawer. After a glance at his pass-book he unlocked the drawer, slipped off the overcoat that was causing him a curious kind of moral discomfort, and flung it over a chair.

"I'm listening, Reggie," he said, turning. "If it's in my power to help you, I will. But I don't do anything in the dark. Steady!"

Reggie had risen with his glass empty. Kavanagh took it from him and put it down on a table.

"If you want another drink, Reg, it's going to be a plain seller."

Fritz's hot eyes glittered angrily. "Don't be an ass, Reggie!"

Lombard dropped back into his chair. His expression became apologetic.

"Perhaps I've rather overshoot the mark," he admitted. "But—"

Both the rush of his hand through his hair and his laugh were desperate. Confession followed.

"Fritz, old chap," he blurted out, "a con- founded blackguard's got hold of some rotten lot of mine—a woman—and wants me to buy them back. She—she's got a husband. When I met her, I didn't know it. If I get into the law courts it will about break uncle Stephen's

heart. Those rotten letters will be read out. I—I can see myself described as—er—a nephew of the Dean of Larchester. He's been awfully good to me. After the governor's death—the boy gulped down a choke that was nearly a sob—he cleared up all my debts at Oxford on the understanding that I went straight."

And at the time the Dean had given his nephew much excellent advice, delicately expressed, on the subject of cards, horses, wine and women in a way that argued considerable knowledge of these snares of youth and sometimes of youth grown older.

Kavanagh crossed to the mantelpiece and knuckled his forehead.

"And," went on Reggie, stammering painfully, "I'm—I'm frightfully keen on someone else now."

It might have been expressed more romantically. "I met her when I was stationed at Trincomalee—before I was invalided home."

Kavanagh's expression showed how sorry he felt for the boy. But Reggie, owing to emotions and potatoes drunk desperately, was somewhat obscure. Two women were involved in the issue, and Kavanagh was in doubt as to which of the two Reggie met at Trincomalee.

"Who—which did you meet at Trincomalee?" he asked.

"Her!"

This, again, might have been equally confusing, but for the remorseful, rather hopeless, but most sentimental tone in which "Her" was uttered.

"She—fell into the harbour," Reggie went on, "and I went in after her. As a matter of fact, she could swim—like a duck; but that—that's how we met!"

Even tragedy sometimes furnishes material for a smile. Kavanagh smiled. The boy gave one of his desperate laughs.

"She introduced herself to me—in the water. Apologised for making me jump overboard. Then—just my luck—I went down with enticement and was shipped home. But I saw something of her before that. And we—we write."

This was obviously the someone else on whom Reggie had become frightfully keen—to use his own expression. Kavanagh did not ask the young lady's name. He was anxious to get at the immediate trouble, which might not prove so serious as Reggie imagined.

"I met the other nearly two years ago," continued young Lombard restlessly. "She was playing in that revue at the Granada. 'What's Yours?' under the name of—well, her name doesn't matter."

"If you'd rather not," said Kavanagh. "But it would make matters more clear, and you can rely on me."

"Well, her stage name was Buona Ayres." Reggie's speech was quicker now. "I fell desperately in love with her." He pulled himself up. "At least—confound it—I thought I did."

I took her out to suppers, gave her things, tried to give her a good time, motored her down to Brighton—all that sort of thing. On my gospel, I didn't the slightest notion she'd a husband—then I wrote her rotten letters."

(Continued on page 13.)

Let me talk to you about

Coughs, Colds, Chills, Bronchitis & Influenza



At this time of year many thousands of people suffer from Coughs, Colds, Chills, Asthma and Bronchitis, because the vitality of the body is at a low ebb and therefore the system is unable to resist the cold and damp weather. Warm clothing is not sufficient protection because the attack comes from inside. The cold air you breathe strikes directly upon the delicate membrane of the throat and lungs and sets up inflammation which causes you to cough. And the more you cough the worse the inflammation becomes. If not promptly checked, the inflammation will spread to the bronchial tubes and set up Bronchitis and Asthma. But a few wineglassfuls

of 'Wincarnis' (the wine of life) will speedily enable you to overcome the effects of the treacherous weather. Because 'Wincarnis' gives you inner warmth—natural warmth—and at the same time creates new rich blood and sends it dancing through your veins, flooding your system with new health—new vigour—new vitality and new life. Take a wineglassful of 'Wincarnis' before you go out in the morning and note how it invigorates you and what a warm grateful glow it diffuses all over the body. Take another wineglassful at night and note how it soothes and comforts you if your chest is tight and your cough is hard. Will you try just one bottle?

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W 117

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WILL COMMENCE ON
MONDAY NEXT
JANUARY 26th, 1914.

BARGAINS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.
The following are a few quotations from our Sale Price List, indicating some of the advantages offered.

Lot No. 8.—Ladies' Doekskin Gloves, mocha finish, in Beaver, Grey, Mole and Dark Tan. Pique sewn, 2 large pearl buttons.
Reduced to **1/10** per pair.

Lot No. 14.—Ladies' Extra Quality Nappa, accented Russia leather. Pique points, in useful Tan shade, 2 large pearl buttons.
Reduced to **1/11** per pair.

Lot No. 15.—Ladies' strong Nappa Leather, in Dark Tan or Dark Grey, Pique sewn, 2 press buttons.
Reduced to **1/8** per pair.

Lot No. 18.—Ladies' fine Washable Doekskin Gloves. Pique sewn, with special cut thumbs, in White only, 2 large pearl buttons.
Reduced to **1/9** per pair.

Lot No. 26.—Ladies' Fine French Suede Superior Quality, in Black, Mole, Greys, Tan, and Beaver shades. Pique points, 3 buttons.
Reduced to **1/10** per pair.

HOSIERY.

No. H3.—A Lot of Ladies' Striped Cashmere Hose, superior quality English make, in Amethyst, Dark or Medium Grey, Mole, Navy, Purple, Vieux Rose or Sage Blue. Reduced to **10d.** per pair. 3 pairs for 3/11.

No. H12.—A Lot of Good Quality Fine Ribbed Shot Cashmere Hose, in Black, shot White, Sky, Green, Red, or Heliotrope. Also Tan, shot White, Sky or Heliotrope. Reduced to **1/4** per pair, 3 pairs for 3/11.

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TIZ makes sore, burning, tired feet fairly dance with delight. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, hard skin, blisters, bunions and chilblains.

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HOW YOU MAY REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT

Overstoutness is a very unwelcome condition, especially in the present day, when slender figures are so fashionable, and every reader of this paper has noticed the tendency of some people to put on an excessive amount of fat.

If you happen to be one of these whose weight is more than it should be, don't try to starve yourself, eat all you want, but go to your Chemist and get oil of orilene in capsule form. It is sold only in original sealed packages. Any good Chemist has it.

—(Adv't.)

THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.

East End Factory Cuttled.

The cabinet factory of Mr. J. Josephs, at Bethnal Green, where some 200 men are employed, was yesterday gutted by fire.

Bridge Collapses Under Train.

A railway bridge near Port Florence, the lake terminus of the Uganda Railway, collapsed under a goods train yesterday, says Reuter.

Four Killed by Bursting Boiler.

Four people were blown to atoms and several injured at Ottawa yesterday, says the Central News, by the bursting of a boiler at a winter fair.

Lieutenant Lushington's Death.

The photograph of Lieutenant Lushington, the late Army aviator, published in this paper on December 9 last, was the copyright of Mr. H. C. Messer, of Salisbury.

Murder Charge Dropped.

The charge of murdering Helmina Crouchman, known as "Scotch Dolly," against George Williams, a hop porter, was withdrawn at the Tower Bridge Police Court yesterday.

Forty Play Centres for Poor Children.

The London County Council Education Committee yesterday arranged that next summer forty holiday play centres should be organised for the benefit of children in poor localities.

Tangoist Sues Archbishop for £12,000.

A Paris dancing master, considering that his interests had been attacked by the decision of Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, condemning the tango, is, says the Paris Journal, suing the Prelate for £12,000.

What Every Woman Forgets

(Continued from page 12.)

His face blazed.

"She was awfully fascinating. I"—he gulped—"I proposed to her. She wouldn't have me, but—but sort of kept me hanging on—till I was nearly broke. And then she began to talk about my career and future, and froze me off. And I was drafted out to Ceylon."

Reggie buried his hot face in his hands.

Kavanagh was walking up and down.

"What's become of her?" he asked.

"She's resting—or has given up the stage. I don't know which. I've not seen her since I've come home. But I met Jack Somerville. He told me she had had a nervous breakdown and had taken a bungalow at Datcham."

Reggie, his hands pressed to his face and staring at the carpet, did not notice the slight jerk of Kavanagh's head.

"Did Somerville tell you the name of the bungalow?" Kavanagh voice was controlled.

"The Nook."

Kavanagh crossed to a table, splashed some plain seltzer into a glass and drank rather mechanically.

"Living there under her stage name—Buona Ayres?"

"No. Her real name. Aimée Morland. At least, it is her real name. I'm blessed if I know!"

Reggie's gesture was most eloquent of confused despair. Kavanagh had turned away to relight his cigar. His expression was hidden. But he need not have troubled. Reggie was too concerned with his troubles to study Kavanagh's expression.

"When did you learn she had a husband, Reggie?"

"When? That's the blackguard—who's black-mailing me!" was the desperate and rather unexpected answer. "According to him she's his wife—Mrs. de Castro. He offers to return my letters and keep my name out of the case—there's someone else as well—for two hundred and fifty pounds. Perhaps he's playing the same game with the other fellow. It's all a cold-blooded plant. I—I believe they're working it between them. At least, I don't know."

"Are you sure he's got the letters?"

"He showed me copies of them," groaned Reggie. Kavanagh was silent for a moment. His thoughts had escaped control and were racing. His own problem had become mixed up with Reggie's, yet hardly irrelevantly. It contained a common factor in the shape of this woman Buona Ayres, Aimée Morland, otherwise Mrs. de Castro.

Was Cloan in her clutches? Had she been compromising men deliberately and cold-bloodedly, creating equivocal situations and obtaining letters from them in order that she and her husband, or the man who posed as her husband, might reap a harvest? Or was she being preyed on in her turn? "How and when do you settle with the fellow—if you settle?" Kavanagh asked.

Reggie pulled out a strip of paper on which an address was pencilled in his own handwriting. Kavanagh took it and read, "1, Garth-mansions, Bunter-street, Bloomsbury."

"At nine o'clock to-morrow night," explained

"DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTIES.—No. 75.



Do you recognise this lady? If so, please note that prizes of £10 and 100 books will be awarded to those sending in the most complete lists of the names of the originals, with the best summary of their merits, at the end of the year, showing which pictures are appearing.—(Dover-street Studios.)

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Cheap Money Results in Great Boom in Investment Securities.

9, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.

How long will the boom in investment securities last? That is the one question in Throgmorton Street now.

Cheap money has worked wonders in fanning the public's demand for new investments, and with still cheaper money practically certain in the near future, there is every hope that the buying will last.

The Bank rate, which two weeks ago was reduced from 5 to 4½ per cent., will, without doubt, be further lowered to-day. In some quarters it is thought it may be reduced to 3½ per cent.

The large extent of the investment demand can be easily seen by comparing the present prices of such securities as Consols, the many recent new Colonial Government scrips, Railway Prior Charge stocks, Foreign Rails and Brewery shares, with the quotations ruling a week ago. Consols have been behaving like a Rubber share in the boom, having advanced from 74½ to 75½.

Analysed Press, Associated Press and Pictorial News, remained unchanged.

Another sign of the times is the immediate success that attended the offer of one million sterling by the Victorian Government—a striking contrast to the poor responses made to the many gilt-edged issues offered in the latter part of 1913. Big applicants, it is stated officially, are only receiving about 2½ per cent. of the amounts for which they applied.

Unfortunately cheap money has its disadvantages in that it will probably result in the market being flooded with new issues. There are now before the public one by the City of Calgary and one by the City of Gotenburg, while the prospectus of an issue of shares by the Associated Provincial Picture Houses also appears to-day.

CHAPTER V.

THE mattress of Kavanagh's bed might have been composed of thorns. During the night his own problem sometimes took the place of Lombard's and sometimes became entangled with it. But his own was the more urgent. What was going to happen when the curtain rolled up on Cloan sober and conscious?

But he must have slept. He woke as his man, Trotter, entered noiselessly with shaving-water, and drew the blinds.

"Eight o'clock, sir."

"Mr. Lombard's sleeping in the spare room."

"Trotter. Call him at half-past eight. He will breakfast with me."

"That wild young spark!" thought Trotter.

"Been on the tiles again!"

Kavanagh postponed his toilette. Slipping into pumps and a dressing-gown, he went to the tele-

phone in the smoking-room, and rang up Menzies house. A servant took the call at the other end.

"How's Mr. Cloan?" asked Kavanagh.

"Mr. Cloan, sir, passed a very fair night."

"Is he conscious?"

"Yes, sir."

There was a pause.

"Is Mrs. Cloan up?"

"Yes, sir."

"Would you please ask Mrs. Cloan if she would come to the telephone?" Mr. Kavanagh would like to speak to her for a moment."

"Please hold the line, sir."

Kavanagh seemed to have held it for a little eternity of time before a woman's voice reached him.

"Yes? Mrs. Cloan is speaking."

(To be continued.)

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Face Spots—Eczema—Rashes cured

Is your hand the one which is sore with eczema or disfigured by a rash or swollen with chilblains? Is the skin of your hand rough, red, or chapped? If so, there's only one thing for you. Apply Antexema without a moment's further delay. You will be delighted with the result. The instant relief gained and the cessation of smarting and irritation are most grateful. Your hands will day by day look better and better, until soon you will have hands you can be proud of, because they are perfectly free from blemish. The immediate relief and quick cure that Antexema affords compel those cured by it to praise it enthusiastically. W.D., of Llandysyll, says that "half a small bottle of Antexema was enough to cure my hand of chronic eczema, after suffering for six weeks." Antexema always succeeds, and will most assuredly cure your skin trouble. A Free Trial is offered to every reader of "The Daily Mirror."

But Antexema is not merely a cure for bad hands. It cures every skin illness, in any part of the body and however apparently incurable. Eczema, pimples, bad legs, rashes, and every other sore, or irritated skin condition, is conquered by Antexema.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also o Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parkes', Taylor's, and Lewis and Burrows' at 1s. 11d. and 2s. 9d., or direct, post free, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also throughout India, Australasia, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

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where there is pain is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon-to-day and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its Cure, showing the Appliance, giving you prices, and names of many people who have tried it and are extremely grateful. It is instant relief where all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.



From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day.

We make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. We send it on trial to prove that what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it, you will be as enthusiastic as the thousands of patients whose letters are on file in our office. Fill in the free coupon below and post to-day.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.

Brooks Appliance Co. 842, Bank Bldgs.,
Kingsway, London, W.C.
Please send me by post in plain wrapper your illus-

trated Book and full information about your Appliance
for the cure of rupture.

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ADDRESS
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mouth and Totnes (21/-), Kingsbridge (for Salcombe),
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HOLIDAY SEASON TICKETS at CHEAP RATES
covering the most delightful districts in Devon and Cornwall will also be issued.

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FRANK PUTTER, General Manager,

MOKO TOYS COMPETITION.

The following is the List of PRIZE WINNERS

in the XMAS COMPETITION:—

Ada Smith, Little Hill Cottage, Auchinairn, Glasgow.
Edith Beattie, 48, Stanton-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Leslie Williams, "Rothbury," Westbourne-terrace, White-
church, Cardiff.
Leonard Halsall, Fire Station, Blackpool.
Lily Howe, 19, Dalrymple-road, Crofton Park, S.E.
George McKellar, 32, Fullarton-street, Kilmarnock, Ayr-
shire.
Horace Molland, Post Office, Milford, Surrey.
John Monk, 16, Park-place, Park-row, Nottingham.
Rose Walters, Clivedon, Clivedon-road, Wimbledon.
Ted Welch, 7, Florence-road, Preston Park, Brighton.
Theodore H. Cressy, Glen Lytton, Maunabury Way, De-

I. W. Bainter, Appleford, Abingdon, Berks.

The MOKO Toys will be despatched during the next few days. All communications to W. H. Smith & Son, 55, Fetter Lane, E.C.

Ten Thousand London Coal Porters Come Out on Strike. See Page 1.

TRAMWAY-CARS
WHICH ARE
FITTED WITH
LETTER-BOXES:
SEE PAGE 8.

The Daily Mirror

LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

WEDDING OF
THE FIRST
"NEW THOUGHT"
BRIDE: SEE
PAGE 9.

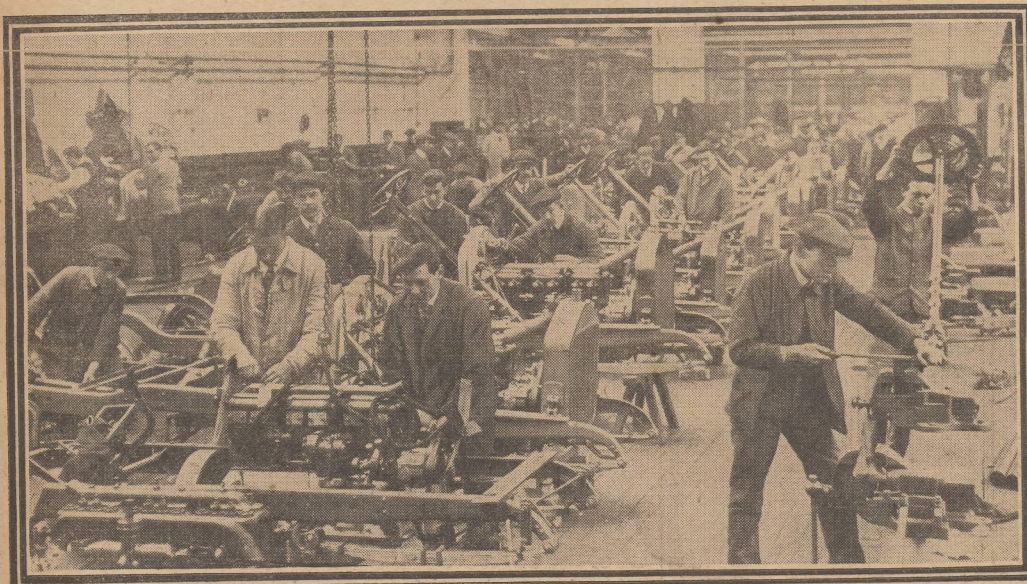
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THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1914

One Halfpenny.

OPENING OF THE EXTENSION OF THE WOLSELEY MOTOR-CAR WORKS.



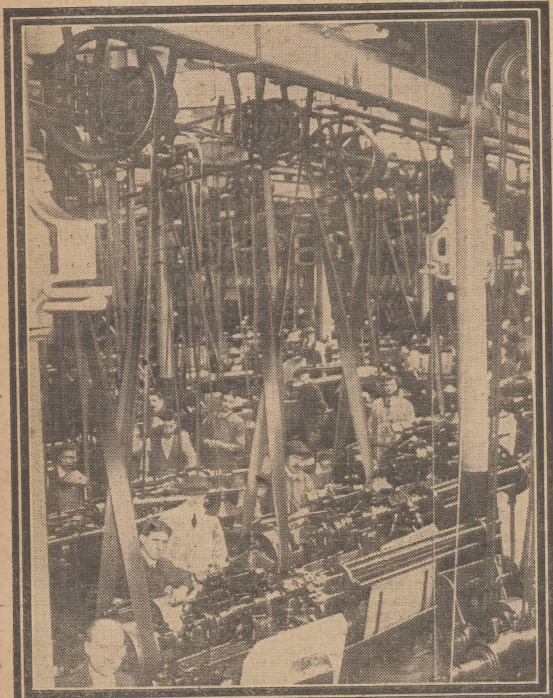
The "assembling" room, where the units are put together.



The Home Secretary.



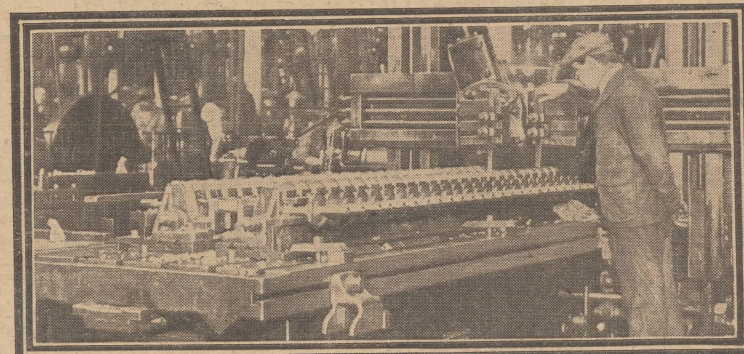
Finishing a body.



The machine department, where small parts are made.



Workers leaving the factory at the luncheon hour.



Making twenty-six crank shafts at the same time.

Mr. McKenna, the Home Secretary, journeyed to Birmingham yesterday to be present at the opening of the extension of the Wolseley motor-car works at Adderley Park. To give an idea of the size of the enterprise, it may be mentioned that it employs 5,000

hands—the majority of whom are married men with children—and has an output of eighty-four finished cars a week. The pictures illustrate some of the wonders of the works. (Daily Mirror photographs.)